

WEEKLY

VISITOR,



LADIES' MISCELLANY.

WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART.  
TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART.

SATURDAY, November 27, 1853.

[No. 8.]

MARIAN AND LYDIA

(Continued from p. 36.)

UNFORTUNATELY, some time after the death of my father, at that time I was a young girl, and my mother had just died, my father, who was a noble and generous man, had chosen the profession of arms, and he thought the character of a good soldier increased the dignity of the gentleman.

Lady Laura was nearly of my own age, chance one evening threw me in her way, as I was walking with my father, and though fortune had placed so great a distance between us, she professed a friendship for me, which highly gratified my vanity, and delighted my father, as he thought it would contribute to my future advancement in life.

Lady Laura was lovely in her person, and gentle in her manners, she possessed a susceptible heart, and I thought her the pattern of all female perfection.

but in this I had been fully deceived. She had that selfish principle inherent in her nature, which made her prefer her own happiness to that of the whole world. However, this was an error which I did not discover till she had brought inevitable ruin on me, and undesignedly triumphed in the misery she had occasioned.

From the evening of our first interview, she continually formed pretences to call at my father's, and at length, by the Earl's permission, invited me to pass a few weeks with her at Seymour castle. My father joyfully consented to my accepting the proffered honor, and the day being appointed, Lady Laura herself came in the chariot to fetch me.

It was near dinner time when I arrived; I felt myself rather abashed on being presented to the Earl, and conscious of my inferiority, my face glowed with confusion. Lord S. was a venerable and truly worthy nobleman; he said many obliging things to me, which in some measure encouraged me, and I began to look and speak with a tolerable degree of freedom, when being informed that dinner was served, the Earl led me into the dining room and presented me to Captain Melfont.

All my confusion now returned. I blushed, trembled, and hardly knew how to behave. During dinner, I had never before conversed with a man so well-

bred, polite, and agreeable, as Captain Melfont. I wished to appear engaging, and conscious of my own insignificance, shrunk as it were into nothing, and a thousand times wished myself at home again. All day I was uneasy and dissatisfied with myself. Every accomplishment Lady Laura displayed, made me regret not possessing the same, that I might equally with her contribute to the amusement and share the applause of Melfont.

In the course of a few days my constraint gradually decreased, the polite freedom with which I was treated by Lady Laura, and the pointed attentions I experienced from Melfont, contributed to raise me in my own esteem, and I became cheerful and happy.

As I had ever been accustomed to early rising, I was in general up some hours sooner than Lady Laura, and usually spent the time till breakfast in the garden, sometimes with a book, and sometimes with my work. Melfont had frequently joined me in these little morning excursions, and I believe it was the pleasure I experienced in his company, which made me so often repeat them. At first he was polite, unconstrained and cheerful, but he soon grew thoughtful, pensive, and even absent. I saw the change with regret; I almost unknown to myself, shared his uneasiness, and whenever he sighed involuntarily, echoed his sighs responsively.



## THE VISITOR,

"At length I assumed courage to enquire the cause of his melancholy; he hesitated for a few moments, and then in faltering accents declared himself my lover, at the same time saying, he had not the least hope of ever being happy, conjured me to forget him, pressed my hand to his lips, and left me with precipitation.

"I now discovered the state of my own heart, I felt the greatest satisfaction in the knowledge of being beloved; but my affliction was great when I reflected he had said, an insurmountable barrier was placed between us. I was weak enough to shed tears, and could hardly summon composure enough to attend Lady Laura, at the usual hour of breakfast—though I was conscious that the indulging an hopeless passion would entail lasting misery upon me, I never once attempted to subdue it, or stifle emotions which my own reason told me were improper and imprudent in a young person in my humble station; though I am certain, had I, when I first discovered my growing partiality for Melfont, immediately left Seymour Castle, returned home, and by entering with avidity into all my usual avocations, strove to banish him from my mind, and cautiously avoided all opportunities of seeing or conversing with him, I should soon have conquered the predilection, and regained my usual tranquillity, but I wanted resolution to fly the society of a man whose presence I fancied constituted my chief happiness.

"Solitude is the nurse of youthful passion—In this I was fully indulged at Seymour castle, being allowed to pass my time in a manner most suitable to my own inclination, whilst Lady Laura was engaged with her several masters, who yet daily attended her. I had at the same time contracted a habit of reading for several hours in the day, and unfortunately in the late Countess's library met with several novels, a sort of reading with which my dear girls are totally unacquainted. Those books served only to soften my mind and increase my passion, so that, by never attempting to repel it in its first approach, it in time gained an entire ascendancy over my heart, formed a part of my existence, twined round the chords of life, and can be extinguished only by the hand of death.

Here Dorcas paused to give vent to

her tears; Marian wept with her; Lydia threw her arms round her mother's neck, and kissing off the drops as they fell upon her cheeks, vowed that no action of her's should ever increase the anguish which already weighed down her too susceptible heart. They then retired for the night, Lydia to the soft repose that ever attends youth and innocence; Marian to reflect on the fine things Sir George had said, and Dorcas to weep over past afflictions.

The sun had just darted his rays upon the distant mountains, the dew still glittered on the waving grass, when Dorcas forsook her restless couch, and summoned her daughters to their daily labor; having paid their adoration to the divine disposer of all things, and partook of a frugal breakfast, she again continued her recital.

"For several mornings after the explanation I mentioned, I repaired as usual to the garden, but Melfont did not join me, indeed he seemed particularly studious to avoid every opportunity of conversing with me without a third person being present. I was extremely uneasy at this conduct, I imagined he supposed me too much his inferior to be made the honorable partner of his fortune, and in my heart I thanked him for that honor, which prevented his soliciting me on other terms; yet the visible constraint he put upon himself, in attempting to appear cheerful, pained me excessively; I became absent, melancholy, and dejected.

Lady Laura frequently interrogated me in her lively manner on the cause of my altered disposition, and one morning when Melfont was in the room, she jocularly said, 'Why, my good cousin Charles, what in the name of wonder possesses you to be so dull; one would think some enchantment prevailed at Seymour castle, and that the very air was infectious; here is my lively Dory, metamorphosed into musing melancholy; and you, my late giddy cousin, become the grave sentimental philosopher. I verily believe a certain blind deity has been busy with you; come hither, Charles, let me see where the arrow entered, is the wound deep?'

Melfont answered rather peevishly, and left the room. I felt my face glow, and my heart throbbed violently; Lady

Laura saw my emotion—'Poor dear,' said she, 'did it fall in love, and had it no hope; well, well, never mind it, 'twas all involuntary, I'll be sworn.'

"Oh! Lady Laura, said I, despise me not for my weakness. I could say no more, tears burst from my eyes, and I hid my face with my handkerchief.

'My dear Dory,' said she, taking my hand, 'I did not mean to pain your gentle heart. I have long seen the tenderness subsisting between my cousin and you, and assure you it has given me peculiar pleasure; but my sweet little friend, you must be rather cautious to guard your secret, for should my father discover it, he will use every method to prevent an union between you ever taking place, for Charles Melfont is designed by him the husband of your Laura.'

"Had I been transfixed by lightning, my countenance could not have expressed more horror and surprise. I felt in a moment that I must appear a monster of ingratitude in the eyes of the Earl, when he should find I had thus, though unintentionally, counteracted his designs, in regard to his daughter's future settlement. I told Lady Laura, after what I had just heard, I should think myself unpardonable to remain any longer at Seymour castle, or ever suffer Melfont to entertain me again in the character of a lover. I requested her to suffer me to return home, and said, I would, if possible, avoid ever seeing him again.

"She laughed at what she called my delicate scruples, and told me, she had in her own mind planned out future schemes of happiness for us all; 'For to tell you the truth,' said she, 'I have no great inclination to Charles, being engaged both by inclination and solemn promises to a young man of no great fortune, though of a good family, he is at present only an ensign in the guards, so that I am certain my father will never consent to our union; but you know, my dear Dory, if you accept Melfont, I can then avow my choice openly, and you will at once render yourself happy, and confer an obligation on your friend.'

(To be continued.)



SKETCH OF THE PERSONS, MANNERS,  
CUSTOMS, AND PRESENT STATE OF  
THE MOUNTAIN PEASANTS OF  
IRELAND.

(Continued from p. 51.)

It is to be remembered, however, that the faithful picture of almost savage rusticity is not to be confounded with the comfortable habitations of the Irish who live in the fertile plains, where every necessary that contentment can desire is abundantly supplied by the hand of industry, and the polite arts of civilization polish and adorn a happy people.

This sketch will be principally confined to the mountain villages, and the reasons will be given why their inhabitants have continued so long in a state of indigent but contented ignorance.

The cabins are mostly divided into two apartments: a kitchen, where the women spin, nurse their children, and dress the provisions, and a room appropriated to repose.

Let us enter one of these lowly dwellings. At the farther side of the kitchen sit a number of lively young women busy at their spinning-wheels, while they sing in concert one of the favorite love songs of Carolan, or some other Irish bard. How simple and affecting are those soothing sounds! which are rendered still more harmonious by the hum of the spinning-wheels, that, like the bassoon or bass-viol, softens the clear notes of the female voice. It is now evening, and the labor of the day being finished, the peasant enters his cabin, lays down his spade, and after welcoming us, sits down at a respectful distance. Emboldened by our freedom of conversation, and our enquiries respecting the village, his awe softens into that good-natured air of frankness, which evinces that man was intended to be a social being. Proud of the honor we do him, he is desirous to amuse his visitors, and diverts us with his legendary tales of the Irish giants, and the miracles of St. Patrick. Supper is now brought forward; it consists of potatoes, bread, and milk, and we are earnestly invited to participate in the homely fare.

Thus the inhabitants of Glenmore and the other mountain villages, though a distinct and detached people, are not

averse to their lowland neighbors, but seem proud of a visit from strangers. Their characteristic hospitality has remained unimpaired through the lapse of ages; and notwithstanding the pains taken by their priests to prejudice their minds against the heretical protestants as they are called, the mountaineers in general are remarkably officious to their more refined visitors, and appear good-natured and cheerful.

Indeed their contentment is the consequence of their ignorance; and though some of their young men leave their native mountains and mingle in the more active scenes of civilized society, yet by far the greater number voluntarily remain at home.

The mountaineers are somewhat lower in stature than the natives of the lowlands. The men are generally of the middle size; they are well formed, active, and hardy. Their visage is round, their hair black, sometimes long, but mostly inclined to curl, and their complexion brown, or rather swarthy. The women are more graceful; their complexion is brown, though a few are delicately fair; their eyes are black or brown, and their hair long; they are so plump as to border on corpulence; and their faces are mostly round, smooth, and uninteresting, being rather the image of good nature than of sensibility. There are a few exceptions among them—girls whose symmetry of form and beauty of countenance would induce a poet to imagine them the female deities of their native mountains. Those girls are slender, with fair complexions, light brown hair, and eyes of most enchanting light blue, beaming with the lustre of youthful health. Yet these charming creatures are incapable of their own attractions; and though their unmeaning simplicity of air may delight for a moment, yet on a more intimate acquaintance, the man of refinement is disgusted with the vulgarity of their manners.

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Many of the young women have an amorous richness in their looks, which probably arises from the familiar intercourse of the sexes. This is attended with no immoral effects, for they are remarkably chaste. Perhaps the simplicity of their manners, vegetable diet, and industrious habits, tend to suppress

that ardor which in more civilised societies, is too often productive of seduction, infamy, disease, and all the dire concomitants of licentiousness. Till within these few years the mountain villagers were unacquainted with the English language, but a circumstance happened, which, fortunately for them, was the introduction not only of that excellent vehicle of knowledge, but of a more lucrative kind of industry than they had practised.

The river of Ravensdale which flows along in the plains near the western side of the mountains before mentioned, invited enterprising men from Ulster about thirty years ago. They built bleach-mills, and by introducing the linen business into the country, they prevailed upon the neighboring mountaineers to work for a shilling a day, wages, which to them appeared a treasure. Thus by an intercourse with the protestants, the mountaineers gradually learned to converse in English, and many of them can now communicate their ideas in that language with perspicuity.

Their ignorance is owing to the want of education, and the cunning of their priests, who have gained such an ascendancy over their superstitious minds that they believe whatever nonsense is substituted instead of the pure precepts of christianity.

Every spring they receive absolution from the priest. On this solemn occasion they exert their recollection to the utmost in order to render up a faithful account of all the sins they have committed during the last year. Very young boys and girls are exempted from this religious ceremony, but all those who are arrived at maturity, assemble with the most solemn and penitential looks before the holy father, who gravely hears the confession of each in private, and gives them absolution and his benediction for sixpence or a shilling each. The cheerfulness and alacrity with which they return from confession is inexpressible. They have cleared off the old account, and may lay in a new score as soon as they please! Such opinions would have a most pernicious effect in a luxurious community, but in the quiet vallies above mentioned they rather promote the contentment of the ignorant peasant.

To be continued.



## VINDICATION OF THE TONGUES OF

## WOMEN.

**W**E have already seen, and every body knows, that, in general, the males of the inferior animals are more loquacious than the females. But, in the human species, it is likewise an unquestionable fact, that the females are much more talkative than the males. It is even remarkable that female children, though of the same family, and receiving the same instructions and examples, acquire the faculty of speaking one year, and sometimes two, sooner than the males.

We shall now endeavor to investigate the intentions of Nature in creating such a marked distinction.

In all ages, and in all the regions of the earth, the early education and management of children have necessarily devolved upon the mothers. For this important task, they are much better qualified, both in the structure of their bodies and in the dispositions of their minds, than the males. The connexion between the mother and child begins long before it becomes an object of attention to the father. By a thousand circumstances, which mothers only know, and sometimes attempt, though obscurely to describe, they contract an affection for a still invisible being. After the child is ushered into the world, the curiosity and the sympathetic joy of the father, are excited. He, accordingly, exerts himself to render the condition both of the mother and child as happy as possible. To support the child with a mild but nutritive food, secreted from the blood and other juices of the mother. During the tender and pleasurable state of suckling the infant, the anxious and persevering attention of the mother, makes her cheerfully endure many toils and hardships, under which she would often sink, were she not, on such occasions, almost preternaturally supported by mere strength of affection.

After the child has arrived at the age of two or three months, and, in strong and healthy children, much earlier, or as soon as it is capable of giving a transient attention to particular objects, then the exertions of the mother are almost perpetual. Her sole object is to please by little amusements, which she endeavor

to accommodate to the weak, but gradually augmenting capacity of the infant. The chief instruments which she addresses are the eyes and ears. To the eye she presents shining or luminous objects, with which children are very early delighted; and, at the same time, repeatedly mentions the names of the particular objects. Thus, by habit, the natural volubility of female tongues is greatly improved. I have often been amazed at the dexterity and quickness of mothers and nurses, when endeavoring to please fretful children. They hurry the child from object to object, in order to discover if any of them arrests its eye. If this attempt does not succeed, they have recourse to other expedients. The ears of all infants are delighted with any loud noise. The mother, who wishes to appease the fretfulness, or even to keep up the spirit and cheerfulness of the child, tosses it about in her arms, sings, and talks alternately; and, on such occasions, it is astonishing to observe the quickness of her transitions from one species of incomprehensible jargon to another. Silly, however, she goes on either rattling with her tongue, or making a rattling noise on tables, chairs, &c. A person who had never attended to these scenes, which are so often exhibited by a sprightly mother and a sprightly child, would be apt to conclude, that both were proper inmates for a bedlam. These are well known to be universal facts, and we shall now endeavor to show their utility.

It is a very ancient adage, that "Nature does nothing in vain." To women she has given the talent of talking more frequently, as well as more fluently, than men; she has likewise endowed them with a greater quantity of animation, or what is commonly called animal spirits. Why, it may be asked, has Nature, in this article, so consistently distinguished women from men? For the best and wisest of purposes. The principal destination of all women is to be mothers; hence some qualities peculiar to such a destination must necessarily have been bestowed upon them. These qualities are numerous: a superior degree of patience, of affection, of minute, but useful attention, joined to a faculty of almost incessant speaking. Here, however, I must confine my observations to the last conspicuous and eminent accomplishment. To be conversant

with laborious offices, which demand either bodily or mental exertions, and not unfrequently both, is allotted to the men. These causes, beside their comparative natural taciturnity, totally incapacitate them for that loquacity which is requisite for amusing and teaching young children to speak. But the employments of women are of a more domestic kind: household affairs, and particularly the nursing and raising of children, are fully sufficient to engross their attention, and to call forth all their ingenuity and active powers. The loquacity of women is too often considered, by poets, historians, and by unthinking men, as a reproach upon the sex. Men of this description know not what they say. When they blame women for speaking much, they blame Nature for one of her wisest institutions. Women speak much. They ought to speak much. Nature compels them to speak much: and when they do so, they are complying religiously with one of her most sacred and useful laws. It may be said, that some men talk as much as women are granted. But beings of this kind I deny to be men. Nature seems to have originally made them to be women; but, by some cross accident, as happens in the production of monsters, the external male form has been superinduced upon a female stock.

## FOR THE LADIES.

**STREPHON** and **PHILLIS**, having quarrelled, the presents mutually given and received during the period of their attachment were returned, consisting of three hundred Billets doux, folded in the most fashionable manner, the seals worn away by kissing—**STREPHON'S** Portrait, under which appeared in **PHILLIS'S** writings a flattering likeness—thirty-three Effusions of original poetry on the most interesting subjects, viz.—To **PHILLIS**, tying my Cravat—On making her a present of a Ribbon to adorn the neck of her monkey, &c.—**PHILLIS'S** Art of Love, bound in imitation of a Prayer Book, in order to be occasionally used at Church—And two **Garters** twisted in a true Lover's Knot—the one of them red, to represent the ardor of **STREPHON'S** flame; and the other white, as emblematical of **PHILLIS'S** purity—both which have since been



## GENEROSITY.

**A** FATHER of a family wished before his death to divide his fortune amongst his three sons; and, after having assigned to each his portion, told them he still reserved a diamond of great price, for him who should merit it by some truly generous action. In a short time the three brothers came to their father's, each hoping he deserved the diamond.

The eldest said the eldest, "A stranger was forced to absent himself from his country, and left all his effects to my care; he had only my promise that I would be faithful; he could not compel me to be so; yet I restored all on his return, and not only all he left, but what I gained by trading with his money." "You could not do otherwise," said the old man, "without being guilty of the greatest wickedness. You were just not generous."

The second son next pleaded his cause. "I was," said he, "on the border of a lake, and saw a child fall into it; I plunged after him, and, at the hazard of my own life, I preserved him." "You did well," replied the father. "I approve of your humanity, and your courage. I praise you; but this action was not a generous one."

The youngest spoke last, in these words: "As I returned home last night, I met some people in the street who were leading a man to prison; his wife and children followed him, making loud lamentations, complaining that they were reduced to beggary; and knew not where to get a morsel of bread. The man formerly used me ill; he is still my greatest enemy. I paid the debts restored him to his family, and escaped before he could discover who was his benefactor."

"O my dear son," cried his father, embracing him with the warmest tenderness, "the diamond belongs to you!" and he handed it to him. "A person lately hearing that a new sect of Philosophers had risen up, remarkable for their silence, replied, 'Well, and what do they hold?' 'Hold,' said the retort, 'why they hold their tongues!'"

## [From the Balance.]

**W**ORTH makes the man," Pope says, and every body acknowledges the truth of the sentiment; but then the question is, what makes worth? The moralist will tell you, "it is virtue;" but the man of the world says, "it is money." And indeed, in this age of reason, the latter definition seems almost universally to prevail. When it is asked how much a man is worth, the answer generally has an exclusive reference to his property. If he has wealth, the reply to the question says, he is worth so many thousand dollars; but if he be very poor, though he should possess the intelligence of a Newton, and the benevolence of a Howard, "He is not worth a groat." Thus the worth of man, like that of beef and butter, is reckoned by dollars and cents.

If this subject were not too serious for satire, it might afford a fund of that kind of amusement; but a considerate view of the fatal evils, which flow from the general prevalence of avarice, represses all disposition for ridicule. Money is a necessary and good thing; but when it is made the *summum bonum* or the chief good, this superlative affection for it is degrading to human nature and productive of infinite mischief. Accordingly an inspired writer says, "The love of money (that is in the sense aforementioned) is the root of all evil." It is like the *lun kine*, which devoured those that were fat and well favored; and still continued lean themselves. It eats up patriotism, social benevolence, and private friendship; and indeed every thing that is lovely in the human character. It stimulates men to study and practice the multifarious arts of swindling and cheating; and, Judas like, to sell their conscience or their country for pieces of silver. In the mean time, it prevents or extinguishes a laudable ambition for intellectual improvement and moral excellence.

What can remain that is great or noble, in a mind which has been accustomed to esteem riches to be "the one thing needful?" How can it be expected that youth will pant for intellectual improvements, or that the social virtues will expand in their hearts, when money is made the standard of merit? And finally, how long can republican liberty remain among a people, in whose language and practice too, wealth and worth are synonymous terms, or signify the same thing?

## ANECDOTE.

**D**R. Goldsmith gives this advice, "If you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself as usual upon the edge of a chair in a remote corner."

A certain nobleman, high in office, had once a number of his friends, mostly people of rank, to dine with him; and great elegance and hospitality were displayed upon the occasion. Among the company, there happened to be a reverend divine, of worthy character and great learning, but, alas! he was only a curate at 30l. per annum. He happened, amidst all the profusion of a well-spread table, to be in want of one of the first necessities of life, and, not choosing to call aloud, (which he feared might be infringing on the privilege of his rich neighbors) he inclined a little back in his chair, and in a half-whisper addressed a footman in a laced livery, "I wish I had a little bread." "I wish you had, sir," returned the other with a haughty air, and bustled about from one great lord to another, without vouchsafing any further notice. The poor curate, being a man of extreme modesty, made no more applications.

A gentleman of some humor, who sat next the clergyman, and had observed the transaction, either through compassion, or for the entertainment of the company, made the affair public. The master of the house, roused with proper indignation, ordered the fellow to be called; and, after a severe reprimand for his insolent behavior, told him to go immediately and seek his own bread elsewhere. Then turning to the abashed curate, he said, "Sir, I am ashamed of what has passed; but in order to make amends for the ill treatment you have experienced at my table, it shall be my endeavor to provide you better bread." He kept his word, and, in a very short time, presented the clergyman with a comfortable living.

In a house in Paris, the first floor is dedicated to a *Gaming Club*; on the ground floor is a  *Pawnbroker's shop*; and on the second floor, a *Maker of Pistols*. The coincidence is curious.



## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE—ACTS OF GOVERNMENT.

St. Cloud, Sept. 30.  
**BONAPARTE**, First Consul of the French Republic, and President of the Italian Republic, to the Eighteen Cantons of the Helvetic Republic.

## Inhabitants of Helvetia,

You have presented for these two years past an afflicting spectacle. Opposite factions have successively seized on power; they have signalized their reigns by a system of partiality, which shewed their weakness and inability.

In the course of the year 10, your Government desired to have the few French troops in Helvetia withdrawn. The French Government willingly seized this occasion to honor your independence; but quickly afterwards your different parties recommenced the troubles with new fury; the blood of the Swiss was shed by the hands of the Swiss.

You have disputed together three years, without understanding each other, you will go on killing one another three years longer, without coming to a better understanding. Besides, your history proves that your intestine wars could not be terminated without the efficacious intervention of France.

It is true that I had endeavored not to meddle with your affairs. I had constantly seen your different Governments requesting of me advice which they never followed, and sometimes abusing my name according to their interests and passions. But I neither can nor ought to remain insensible of the misery to which you are a prey. I revoke my resolve. I will be the mediator of your differences; but my mediation shall be efficacious, such as becomes the great people in whose name I speak.

Five days after the notification of the present proclamation, the Senate shall meet at Berne.

Every Magistracy formed at Berne since the capitulation shall be dissolved, and cease to meet or exercise any authority.

The Prefects shall be at their post.

All Authorities that have been formed shall cease to meet.

The collecting of arms shall cease.

The 1st and 2d Helvetic demi-brigades shall form the garrison of Berne.

The troops raised for above six months past shall be the only troops remaining in corps.

In fine, all the licenced individuals of the belligerent armies, and who are now armed, shall deposit their arms at the Municipality of the Commune of their birth.

The Senate shall send three deputies to Paris: each Canton may send an equal number.

All the citizens who for these three years past have been Landammans, Senators, and have successively occupied places in the Central Authority, may repair to Paris, to make known the methods of restoring union and tranquility and of conciliating all parties.

On my part, I have a right to expect that no city, commune, or corps, will do any thing contrary to the dispositions I have made known to you.

Inhabitants of Helvetia! awake to hope!

Your country is on the border of a precipice. It shall be immediately drawn from it: all men of property will second this generous project.

But if, which I cannot think, there were among you a number of individuals who had too little virtue to sacrifice their passions and prejudices to the love of their country, People of Helvetia, you would be unworthy of your ancestors.

There is no man in his senses who does not see that the mediation I take upon myself is for Helvetia, a blessing of that Providence, which, amid so many convulsions and shocks, has always favored the existence and independence of your nation; and that this mediation is the only way which remains by which you can save the one or the other. For it is time, indeed, for you to think that if the patriotism and union of your ancestors founded your republic, the evil spirit of your factions, should it continue, will infallibly destroy it; and it will be painful to reflect that at an epoch when many new Republics are arising, fate has marked the end of one of the most ancient.

By the First Consul.

**BONAPARTE**.

The Secretary of State.

(Signed) **MARET**.

Arrete of Oct. 2.

The Consuls of the Republic, on the Report of the Minister of Marine and Colonies, and with the advice of the Council of State, decree:

Art. 1. All Foreigners are prohibited

from bringing into the continental territory of the Republic, any Black, Mulatto, or other person of Color of either sex.

II. All Blacks, Mulattoes or other persons of Color, of either sex, not in the service of the State, are equally prohibited in future from entering the continental territory of the Republic, upon any cause or pretence whatever, unless they are provided with the special authority of the Magistrate of the Colonies, from which they may have come, or, if they have not come from the Colonies, with the authority of the Minister of Marine and Colonies.

III. All Blacks or Mulattoes entering the continental territory of the Republic, after the publication of the present arrete, not provided with the authority specified in the preceding article shall be apprehended and detained until they can be transported.

IV. The Minister of Marine and Colonies is charged with the execution of the present arrete, which shall be inserted in the Bulletin of Laws.

The First Consul,

(Signed) **BONAPARTE**.

London, October 9.

The affairs of Switzerland have returned to their ancient channel, with a rapidity scarcely equalled by the violence of a revolutionary explosion, tending to overturn a long established government. The old federative government, under which the Swiss so long enjoyed their primitive simplicity of manners, has every where triumphed; and the Helvetic republic, the offspring of so many years of bloodshed and disaster, has suddenly dwindled to a few fugitives, throwing themselves on the protection of France. The conduct which the First Consul will pursue on this occasion now admits no dispute: it is true that he once formally declared himself the supporter of the Helvetic Government; but at that time his party appeared the decided majority. The face of affairs is now completely changed. The French troops would have to contend with the whole power of Switzerland; and the vigor of the Consular Government would be employed to prevent in Switzerland the restoration of the ancient order of things, a measure which it is as actively employed to restore in France. These considerations may serve to produce the same effects on the policy of the First Consul, which might be expected from the generosity and humanity of a more elevated mind.



## The Visitor

SATURDAY, November 27, 1802.

The anniversary of the Evacuation of this city was celebrated on Thursday, in the usual manner, by a military parade in the morning, and festivity in the afternoon.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN THIS CITY.

From the 14th to the 20th Nov. inclusive.

Old Age 1—Hives 2—Influenza 1—  
Lax 2—Cancer 1—Consumption 7—  
Flux 2—Small Pox 2—Chin-cough 12—  
Fits 3—Whooping-cough 2—Pleurisy  
1—Decline 2—Drowned 1—Not distin-  
guished 6—Adults 10—Children 18—  
Total 34.

We understand that a most horrid murder was committed in the North-East part of Stonington, a few days past. A man by the name of Worden, rose in the morning, and began to make a fire. While thus engaged, three of his children came round him, disputing for an apple, which one of them had in possession—Worden turned round, and with a stick of wood stunned one of them, which immediately crawled away to its mother. With another blow, he broke the arm of the second, and shocking to relate, he killed the third instantaneously. He then made off, but has since returned; though we cannot learn that he is yet secured in prison.

(Norwich pap.)

### THE SUFFERING

Melancholy Accident.

We hear from Poughkeepsie, that on Friday the 29th ult. as a number of persons were at work, digging a large drain, to carry the water out of a well of a Mr. Lampson, of that place, and had dug about nine feet deep, it caved in upon them on one side, and buried a Mr. Robert Olds, and a son of Mr. Lampson, four or five feet deep with earth. Mr. Lampson's son was taken out in about 25 minutes, but without any signs of life. Mr. Olds was taken out in about 35 minutes, and within three minutes after recovered his senses, and is likely to recover of the wounds which he received. Mr. Lampson's son never breathed again; he was about eleven years old.

Charleston, Nov. 4

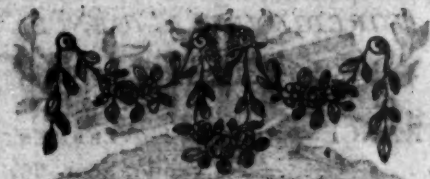
On Saturday last in the afternoon, Mr. Alexander M'Alister, mate of the ship *Crow Isle*, of Greenock, captain Campbell, and Mr. John Dunlap, mate of the ship *Sally*, of Boston, captain Webber, accompanied by two boys, one about nine and the other about eleven years of age, sons of the late Mr. Pillans of this city, went on an excursion on the water, in a boat of one of the ships. They returned in the evening, and went on board the ship *Diana*, of Boston, lying in the stream, where they remained until half past nine o'clock; they then left that ship to return to the city. Soon after they left the ship, a violent squall, attended with rain, came on, in which there is great reason to believe they all perished, as the boat they went in was found yesterday, bottom upwards in the marsh, a little above Haddril's Point ferry. Mr. M'Alister was a single man; Mr. Dunlap has a wife and family in Boston, by whom his loss will be severely felt.

### OHIO.

The seventeenth State of the United States.

The Convention of this State assembled at Chillicothe the 5th inst. for the purpose of forming a constitution and state government; it is still in session. The following is a preamble to the constitution as reported by the select committee, taken up in committee of the whole, and agreed to.

"We the people of the Eastern division of the territory of the United States, northwest of the River Ohio, (having the right of admission into the general government, as a member of the union, consistent with the constitution of the United States, the ordinance of congress, of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, and the law of congress, entitled, 'An act to enable the people of the eastern division of the Territory North-west of the river Ohio, to form a constitution and state government, and for the admission of such state into the union on an equal footing with the original states, and for other purposes') in order to establish justice, promote the welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish the following constitution or form of government, and do mutually agree with each other to form ourselves into a free and independent state, by the name of the State of Ohio."



### Marriages.

On Sunday last, Mr. ANDREW VAN HORN, to Miss BETSEY FORSHEE, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. at Clinton, Dutchess County, WILLIAM F. PELL, of this city, to MARY SHIPLEY, of that place.



### Deaths.

On the 15th inst. the Rev. Thomas Potwins, of East Windsor, North Society, in the 72d year of his age, and 49th of his Ministry.

At Philadelphia, Miss Sally Margaret.

At Litchfield, major William McQuerton, aged 69 years.

At Norwich, Dr. William Fessenden, aged 70.

At Pomfret, Rev. Oliver Dodge, aged 35.

### THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 29, will be presented,

A Comedy, called,

THE RIVALS.

To which will be added,

THE COUNTRY HEIRESS.

### JUST PUBLISHED

by Ming & Young,

THE NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

For 1803—containing

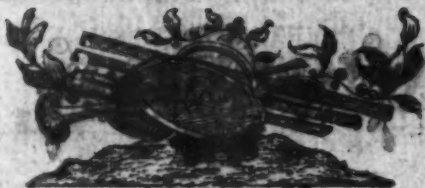
Astronomical calculations—Government Officers of the U. States—do. of the State of N. York—Charter officers of the cities of N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Duties on imports—Officers of the principal Societies in the city of N. Y.—Directors of the Banks in N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Times of holding U. S. Courts—Times of holding Courts in the State of N. York—Money Tables—Gauging Table—Post days at N. York—Table of Roads, &c. &c.

The above useful little work may be had of most of the Booksellers in this city, at 25 cents.

A few copies will be bound in a pocket-book manner.

THE ABOVE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.





## INVITATION TO JOY.

From the German.

**S**AY, who could rope in joyless plight,  
While youth and spring bedeck the scene,  
And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,  
With thankless heart and frowning mien?  
See Joy with beck and smiles appear,  
While roses strew the dewy way;  
The feast of life she bids us share,  
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.  
And still the grove is cool and green,  
And clear the sparkling fountain flows,  
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,  
As erst in Paradise the rose:  
The grapes their purple nectar pour,  
To 'sauge the heart that griefs oppress;  
And still the lonely evening bower  
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.  
Still PHILOMELA's melting strain  
Responsive to the dying rale,  
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,  
And sweetly charms the list'ning vale;  
Creation's scene expanded lies—  
Blest scene! how wondrous bright and fair!  
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,  
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

From the Anti-Democrat.

## SAM SNIP AND BETTY BLIGHT:

A parody on parodies.

**A** TAILOR so smart, and a damsel so tight,  
Drank gin as they sat on a bench:  
They push'd round the bottle as long as it was light,  
Sam Snip was the name of the tailor's right,  
Betty Blight was the name of the wench.

And now says Sam Snip, since to-morrow I go  
To find for some trade out of town,  
At a certain Church meeting, to which you oft go,  
You may tumble in love with some quill-driving beam,  
And repay all my smiles with a frown.

Do you mean to affront me? Fair Betty Blight said,  
You must think very meanly of me;  
For if you be living, or if you be dead,  
I swear by the gin-bottle none in your stead  
Shall the husband of Betty Blight be.

And if for another my heart should decide,  
Forgoing my Sammy so civil,  
God grant that to punish my falsehood and pride,  
Your ghost, which a large pair of shears at his side,  
May come to the wedding, there claim me as bride,  
And carry me off to the devil.

Two summer time, and away went poor Sam;

His dory, she cried, to be sure,  
But scarce had a fortnight elap'd when he'd  
A quill-driving beam, with his silver and gold,  
Pick'd her up at a meeting-house door.

His features, his cash, and his sweet pretty name,  
Soon made her untrue to poor Sam.

The sight of his shears bewilder'd her brain;  
She declar'd that the tailor had woo'd her in vain.

That she did not care for him a—

And now they get married, and run off the priest,  
For they knew that he drove away fun:

The tables all smok'd with a plentiful feast;  
Nor yet had the singing and dancing quite ceas'd

When the waltzing was by having—

Then first with amusement fair Betty Blight found,  
That a stranger was stuck by her side;

His hair was quite stiff, he us'd no stand;  
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around.

But star'd with both eyes on the bride,  
His hat was three cock 'd, and his coat button'd tight.

His stockings one red 'd other blue,  
His coat, just like Joseph's, was patch'd left and right.

'Twas so motley the dogs run away from the sight,  
'Twould not sell for old clothes to a Jew.

This wonderful figure threw all in dismay,  
For he look'd like a Hollentot savage;

At length Betty spoke while she trembled—  
That your coat and your hat are awfully

And partake of our bacon and cabbage.

At the sound of the last word the stranger complies,  
And his trappings he quickly uncocks;

When oh! what a sight met fair Betty Blight's eye,  
What artist can paint her dismay and surprise,

When a large pair of shears were seen!

All present then rose—'twas a general shout,  
That the tailor's poor wife they would no longer

But in turning him out, why he ran farther in,  
And seizing a glass took it off full of gin.

And address'd Betty Blight like a man,  
Behold me, poor wretcher, behold me he cried,

You have brought on yourself this here evil,  
God grants that 'to punish your falsehood and pride,

'My ghost with a large pair of shears at his side,  
'Should come to your wedding, there claim you as

And hoist you away to the devil.

Thus saying his arms round poor Betty he wound,  
And in spite of what'er she could say,

He cut off her head, and then sunk thro' the ground,  
Nor ever again was poor Betty Blight found.

Or the tailor who took her away.

The quill-driver died too, and none since that time,  
At the meeting-house door do presume

To make free with the gin, for by orders sublime,  
There Betty Blight suffers the pains of her crime,

And sends forth a horrid perfume.

At midnight twelve times in each year does her spirit,  
When mortals with slumbers are dead,

Appear on the pavement—Oh! dear what a sight,  
And scream while Sam cuts off her head.

These nine tailors are seen, with a hap and a ship,  
Dancing round this most horrible sight;

They drink out of bladders, their liquor is hip,  
And this is their toast, 'ho! success to Sam Snip.

And the devil take fair Betty Blight.

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